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E and I went to tea this afternoon with Mrs. Roosevelt at Claridges. She is spending a few days here. Although 78, her activity, mental and physical, seems unimpaired. We talked for an hour on a variety of topics. She was particularly interested in what effect the UK joining the Common Market might have on Commonwealth nations, as well as on the UK. She also inquired whether agricultural difficulties over farm surpluses might not be met through an agency of the UN. She asked me to talk about this some time to our Secretary of Agriculture, whom she regards as an able man. She has no humour.

Tonight we dined with the Wisners. John Russell, Marianna Sulzberger, Maurice Macmillan, Molly Buccleuch, and other attractive people were there. As usual, we got home late.

REV 6-17-81

February 22, 196- - Thursday.

This is an American holiday, so the Embassy is closed. I read the telegrams this morning, reporting, of course, trouble everywhere.

E, Jane McBaine, and I lunched together, picked up Molly Buccleuch immediately afterwards, and motored out to Syon House. It belongs to her son-in-law The Duke of Northumberland. I had seen it several times before, but never as thoroughly as this time, thanks to our being taken around by Molly's sister, Diana Dailey. Many people consider it the finest of Robert Adam's work. For me, magnificent though it is, it is a trifle too ornate as a private house, although startlingly successful as a country palace.

The trees in the grounds are as magnificent as any in the world. The park, surrounded by a high wall, still contains 200 acres. Comparatively small though this is, the shooting is let, and the lessees last year killed about 100 pieces of game, including pheasants, partridges, ducks. There is an excellent snipe bog on the property, which will probably be shot this year.

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